Foole. Marry heere's grace and a codpis, that's a wiſeman and a foole.

Kent. Alaſſe ſir, ſit you heere?
Things that loue night, loue not ſuch nights as theſe;
The wrathfull Skies gallow, the very wanderer of the
Darke, and makes them keepe their caues,
Since I was man, ſuch ſheetes of fire,
Such burſts of horrid thunder, ſuch grones of
Roring winde and raine, I nere remember
To haue heard, mans nature cannot carry
The affliction, nor the force.

Lear. Let the great Gods that keepe this dreadfull
Thundring ore our heads, finde out their enemies now,
Tremble thou wretch that haſt within thee
Vndivulged crimes,, vnwhipt of Iuſtice,
Hide thee thou bloudy hand, thou periur'd, and
Thou ſimular man of vertue that art inceſtious,
Caytiffe in peeces ſhake, that vnder couert
And conuenient ſeeming, haſt practiſed on mans life,
Cloſe pent vp guilts, riue your concealed centers,
And cry theſe dreadfull ſummoners grace,
I am a man more ſind againſt their ſinning.

Kent. Alacke bare headed, gracious my Lord, hard by here is a houell, ſome friendſhip will it lend you gainſt the tempeſt, repoſe you there, whilſt I to this hard houſe, more hard then is the ſtone whereof tis rais'd, which euen but now demanding after me, denide me to come in, returne and force their ſcanted curteſie.

Lear. My wit begins to turne,
Come on my boy, how doſt my boy, art cold?
I am cold my ſelfe, where is this ſtraw my fellow,
The art of our neceſſities is ſtrange, that can
Make vilde things precious, come you houell poore,
Foole and knaue, I haue one part of my heart
That ſorrowes yet for thee.

Foole. He that has a little tine wit, with hey ho the winde and the raine, muſt make content with his fortunes fit, for the raine,

it

it raineth euery day.

Lear. True my good boy, con

Enter Gloceſter, and th

Gloſt. Alacke, alacke, *Edmund*
Vnnaturall dealing, when I deſir
That I might pitty him, they too
The vſe of mine owne houſe, cha
Of their diſpleaſure, neither to ſ
Entreate for him, nor any way
Baſt. Moſt ſauage and vnnatur
Gloſt. Go too, ſay you nothing,
And a worſe matter then that, I
A letter this night, tis dangerou
I haue lockt the letter in my Clo
The King now beares, will be re
There's part of a power already
We muſt incline to the King, I v
And priuily releeue him; go yo
With the Duke, that my charity
Perceiued; if he aske for me, I
To bed, though I die for it, as n
The King my old Maſter muſt b
Some ſtrange thing toward, *Ed*

Baſt. This courteſie forbid the
And of that letter to, this ſeeme
And muſt draw to me that whi
Then all, then yonger riſes whe

Enter Lear, Kent,

Kent. Here is the place my L
rany of the open night's too ruf
Lear. Let me alone.
Kent. Good my Lord enter.
Lear. Wilt breake my heart?
Kent. I had rather breake mi

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